

Float to the Top

Microwave

Striking poses for candid throwbacks
Clout-face, love-hungry grins
Dirty laundry in a scented trash bag
Air it out, let it blow in the wind

Out of scope
I see myself in you though
When we're down and out we go out

Wake up dried-up in a wet bed
Two empty fifths and a mouth of chalk
Washed up, torn up, disaffected
My friends don't swim, we float to the top

Femme fatale with a coke-glittered glow
Wear a dress I don't really care
Trade your hat for a pack of Newports
Get depressed, cut off all of your hair

I've kept myself a secret
Made it all so cryptic
I hate myself for it
Can't forgive, can't forget

Can't wear those pants like I used to
Can't yell as loud as I used to yell
I talk shit at flat on the weekends
You give blood then you give up on yourself

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